

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 1896.—COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY W. R. HEARST.

NEW YORK JOURNAL SUMMER RESORT SUPPLEMENT.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, July 31.—The curtain is up, for has gone, fashion has come. This is the swing of the season. For your beautification, there are the enthrallments of sea and sky, the enticements of face and figure, all the witcheries which nature and milliners provide. Beauty is circumadjacent. Wherever you look there is something fairer yet. It is like an apotheosis on the stage, with this difference, it is real.

The chronicles of a Wesleyan chapel are gay beside the last transmitted records of the Pier. But in the past week an avalanche of pretty girls has descended upon us. Young men in fabulous stockings and astounding shirts have followed in their wake. A festival of beauty in the festival of life is the simplest description that can be given of the morning assembly at the Casino, and as for the beach at high noon, fancy a stretch of the Islesides inhabited by gentlemen scented with orris and gowned by Doucet.

If you can think of anything more satisfactory the writer would give a red pippen to know what it may be.

The boat with the waves thus far has been entirely sedate. Once in a while a cheerful lad will swim under water, pretend he is a crab ready to bite, and frighten some girl into life, and now and again a breaker will take a young woman unaware and toss her topsy-turvy, but

ragansett. Mrs. Franko, who is here, is the daughter of Newport, the brewer.

Hitherto the afternoons have been somnolent. Within the past week the ballet on bikes has begun; so, too, has polo. On the ocean drive to Point Judith you will find detachments of young women in shimmering skirts and heavenly hose. Toward sunset they return, sponge off and regown.

Then come dinners and dances, ineffectual flirtations and sometimes a fight. The other evening, for instance, Mr. Abbot, of England, a protégé of the late Abingdon Hall, and by the same token one of Lily Langtry's, had a scrap with a chap from Greater New York. It occurred at the Tally Ho. Ladies were not admitted. But a pretty girl who shall be nameless borrowed her brother's worst, rigged herself in Eton costume, assumed a knowing collegiate air, blew a puff of smoke in the door-keeper's face, passed in undetected and sat afloat as a vesal in the amphitheatrical days of Rome.

The preliminary skirmish, a better-sketch set-to, was stopped by the police. The participants were a party named Jackson and another named Mack—a lightning fighter,

trap—and again he would be fought to the ropes, treated to surprising left-handers, to cross-counters that were prodigious, to a give and take in which he took more than he wanted. The match was pretty even. Both were glutted for punishment. But as there was no knockout, it was that lightning affair of Mr. Mack's which pleased

every one the most. Afterward there was a dance at the Mathewson at which that pretty girl appeared in a very sweet frock and with the innocent air of a child from school.

This, of course, was but incidental and properly discountenanced by all right-thinking people. It is not for scraps you come here; it is for the dip, for the dance and for polo.

At the Country Club, from the 3d to the 12th inclusive, there is to be a tournament in which all the crack teams will compete. The first series of matches is for the Narragansett Cup. It is open to teams whose aggregate August handicap does not exceed twenty goals and does exceed ten. The initial match, on Monday, the 3d, is between Queens County and Meadow Brook. On Tuesday, the 4th, Devon (Pennsylvania)

you were blind and did not know better you would think so. Remotely there is the deeper green of branching pines. Afar is the sea, a patch of silk, blue as the eyes of the well-beloved, just as faithless, just as false. The sea takes you back to the Mediterranean, the lawn to England. It is the women who stand about, the sheer beauty of them, their pantheresque ease of movement, which tells you you are at home.

At a match there on Saturday there were perhaps a hundred and fifty young gentlemen, some in frocks such as you see in the

At

Avenue des Arcades, some in bliking costumes more appetizing still. There were the discreetest combinations of colors, the subtlest blending of discordant hues. And the spectacle of it all, the sight of those faces, of those frocks and of the men careering like demons on that turf, would have charmed a monk. The afternoon was Boccacclan, a day not of Spring nor of Summer, but of both. In the air was the smell of raspberries and of brim. And to complete it, from the clubhouse beyond came a silver of strings, the voluptuousness of "Il Bacio," which, floating down the meadows, stirred hearts, quickened pulses stirred and quickened already by the green glory of the afternoon.

Nomad by instinct, man wears of all things, even of the best. When he does he may have the worst. There is a gambling shop here—ladies admitted—in which, if you are young enough and sufficiently imaginative, you may shut your eyes, open your purse and fancy yourself at Monte Carlo.

There has been a gala moon during the past week, one of those impossible disks of yellow which Mapleson used to provide for the last act of "L'Africaine." It has

casualness Cythera, as well. During the past week, for instance, two ladies, quite cosmopolitan in appearance, have been excluded from the Casino. A line has to be drawn somewhere, and in this instance it was the clothes line. Apropos to which, in spite of the parade at the polo grounds and on the beach, to the majority of women three varieties of costume suffice—one for the bath, one for the bike and one for the ball. A baker's dozen of each will last at least a fortnight.

On Wednesday and on Saturday, which are hop nights, Sherry provides at the Casino what he calls diners de luxe—connoisseurs revolve vite me voir and supreme de chicken a la Sardinale. They cost \$2. Among the notabilities encountered there is Mr. John Bigelow, dear to the heart of newspaperdom; there is Mr. Wood, pro-

a success that it will be repeated weekly. The hops will be given on Tuesdays, from 4 to 6 p. m., and all the children in the hotels and cottages are invited. On Monday and Friday evenings there will be hops for the grown people. Next month a grand ball will be given in the new dance hall.

Sherry will give a complimentary ball to the Casino subscribers early in August. There will be special decorations of the theatre and an entirely new programme of music.

Among the pretty young girls at the Pier this season is Miss Goffney, Brooklyn, a niece of Mrs. Joseph Banigan.

Miss Jessie Pope, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Charles H. Pope, of New York, died at Mr. Pope's summer residence, near Brook, early Wednesday morning.

R. Toomey, of Louisville, is one of the chief belles at the Pier. She is a pronounced blonde.

Mrs. Russell Murray, daughter of the Hon. Herman Stump, of New York, is a guest at the Massasoit.

Eric Dahlgren, son of the famous inventor and naval commander, is now here.

Mrs. Naham Franko, daughter of Jacob Ruppert, the millionaire brewer of New York, whose romantic marriage caused a sensation a few years ago, is a guest at the Mathewson and staunch supporter of Professor Franko. Papa Ruppert has never given the clandestine marriage, but that does not disturb the serenity of the Frankos.

Mrs. Vera Boardman, who was the Mardi Gras queen at the last New Orleans car-

NARRAGANSETT PIER.

prietor of that amiable East Side sheet, the Daily News, and dear to the heart of reporters; here is Mr. Edward Parker Deacon. Mrs. Jefferson Davis is here; Mr. Eric Dahlgren also.

Mrs. Grenville Kane has arrived from Tuxedo. Mrs. James Kernochan, from Hempstead, Mr. Fernando Yanaga from Bar Harbor, Mr. John Austin Stevens from Newport, and now and again Mr. J. H. Drexel floats about in his yacht.

The list of young gentlemen photographed for their good looks elongates day by day. It would be invidious on the part of the writer to mention but two or three of them, and yet to mention all, to photograph them with that accuracy which they deserve and do not desire, to paint them as they are, would require a skill which he lacks, an art which he sighs for and space which he has not got.

But the middle of the road to them all ways.

EDGAR SALTUS.

of appendicitis. This beautiful girl had been ill but a few days, and had been operated upon by the principal surgeon in Rhode Island, but peritonitis set in and she speedily succumbed.

A gay wheeling party came over from Newport Tuesday and made a day of it. They came by the way of Jamestown and the South Ferry, and after a tour of the Pier had a lunch at the Casino. The party consisted of T. F. Cushing, Newport; J. M. Cushing, Miss M. Thordike and Miss L. Cushing, Boston.

Miss Kate Sims, New York, is the champion lady duck-pin bowler for this season. She made the score of 100 points one day this week.

The polo tournament begins at the Point Judith Country Club grounds next Monday. The drawings are as follows:

Monday—Queens County team, of Long Island, vs. Meadowbrook Second, of Long Island.

Tuesday—Devons, of Pennsylvania, vs. McGilluddy, A. D. Smith, Dr. J. D. Em-

nival, is a guest at the Mathewson. John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is here for a brief stay.

The New York arrivals include E. S. Yergason, Franklin A. Plummer, John D. Duff, J. Benton, J. C. Greenleaf, Eugene C. Casey, M. A. Wilson, H. Eisboch, O. J. Dyer, J. Guillaume, H. B. Helmke, David Jones Danno, Andrew L. Gardiner, L. A. Bernheimer, William N. Bloodgood, H. P. Menough, Miss Witherspoon, Miss Pell, Miss Mary H. Pell, Miss Mary L. P. Fowler, Miss Huger, Miss M. D. Huger, Miss Warler, Miss Alice McEvoy, M. H. Doherty, Edward D. Dunlap, Otis Livingston and wife, J. David, J. Levy, Mrs. G. H. McLean, H. Dator, J. Waldron Gillespie, C. M. Switzer, Robert Livingstone, wife and two children; P. H. Fay and wife, Miss Fay, W. C. Johnson, Frederick O. Spedden, George B. Sanford, Fannie N. Paris, Henry P. Nash, Ellery O. Anderson, E. P. Smith, W. F. Chambers, David S. Owen, Dr. T. J. McGilluddy, A. D. Smith, Dr. J. D. Em-



A LITTLE LUNCHEON ON THE BEACH AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

as a rule the dip might be a dance, so decorous is it.

The beach is not unlike an open-air ballroom. There is a cascade of sun, sometimes a splatter of spray, but the illusion is heightened by the music that is there. In a pavilion which overlooks the sea a lively little Hungarian orchestra plays like mad. Once in a while, in "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," for instance, the effulgence is too great; the Magyars lose themselves in it and wander separately and apart on independent keys. But when they attack the feverish compositions which are theirs, or even "Louisiana Lou," the notes explode with a riot that is infectious and a trio that enchants.

After the dip the assembly at the Casino begins. There, too, is music. In a kiosk on the lawn, Franko, a conductor unique in being the husband of a twenty million heiress, fans his violins through the canon of "The Grand Duchess" and out of it into Rossinian relaxations.

This marriage of music and millions is one of those altogether delightful things for which, barring fiction, you may search the planet in vain and only find at Nar-

who lambasted that unhappy Jackson, knocked him down, hit the referee, flubbed the bottle holder, and Jackson on his back again and howled him over three times running before the constabulary could hold him up.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, who was a delighted spectator, declared when it was done that nothing earthly would induce him to injure Mr. Mack's feelings. The pretty girl in boy's clothing said she wouldn't either. Barring the police, every one was of the same mind. Then it was that Abbot had the scrap with the chap from Greater New York.

Mr. William James, of Baltimore, condescended to keep time. He was hot but collected, and much admired by the pretty girl. In the rounds that followed there was no knockout, no losing of position, no drawing of claret, but there were blows that were home, upper cuts that were stinging, a series of rattling bouts in which the Greater New Yorker hit the Englishman on one side, on the other, with the air of a man doing his duty and not tiring of it, either. Sometimes he got nobbed in turn, in technical parlance smashed in the fig-

plays against Myopia II. On Friday, the 7th, the winners of Monday play against the winners of Tuesday.

The Point Judith Country Club Challenge Cup will be competed for by teams whose aggregate handicap exceeds twenty goals. The first match is on Saturday, the 8th, when Myopia I. plays against Meadowbrook I. On Tuesday, the 11th, Rockaway I. plays against the winners of the preceding game. Rockaway won last year.

The Rhode Island cups, which are individual prizes, are for teams whose aggregate August handicap does not exceed ten goals. The series begins on Monday, the 10th, when the Point Judith Country Club plays against Queens County, and terminates on the 12th, when the Devons play against the last winners.

To non-members admission is \$1. It will be worth \$2—worth a journey from New York.

There are no prettier grounds on the coast than those on which these matches will be played. The lawn which fronts them could not be greener were it painted by hand. The turf is not of velvet, but if

painted the ocean, penetrated the shadows, checked the underbrush with ochre spots. Seductive and inhibitory, it invited and forbade. It has been worse than the electric light, for that only illuminates the piazas, while this moon shone everywhere. There was no getting away from it. But it is going, and Sweet-and-Twenty is free again to hold hands unseen.

Of her sisters-in-beauty here, what they say, what they do, particularly what they leave undone, the writer takes it for granted you will want to know. As for who they are at home, a duchess once said that, though a woman's name might aid in print when she married and when she died, even that was twice too often. The trend of the age is not in accordance with those dual views, but you may be sure that the pretty girls who decorate this place agree with them entirely.

The most fetching are from Baltimore, when they do not happen to be from Philadelphia. New Yorkers are so scarce that you can count them. Those that are here compensate for those that are not. Washington is also delightfully represented, oc-

PASSING OF THE DIAMONDS.

An Expert Thief Fiches from Mrs. Coogan Her Costliest Jewels.

Narragansett Pier, July 31.—The sensation of the season has been the loss of Mrs. James J. Coogan's diamonds. Like the Burden diamond robbery, this affair was shrouded in deep mystery; but unlike that affair, this theft was committed by professional thieves, who had visited the Pier under circumstances well calculated to throw everybody off guard. Mrs. Coogan, the wife of the well-known New York real estate dealer, had made a rather lavish display of her \$300,000 gems, and spread just the right kind of bait to draw professionals—who undoubtedly came to the Pier to work off this job. That the Coogans gems will be recovered is believed by the victims as well as by the police.

The Mathewson House management have arranged for weekly hops for the children. The first one, given on Tuesday, was such

Myopias, of Boston. Friday—Winners of Monday's game vs. winners of Tuesday's game.

Point Judith Country Club challenge cup for teams of four under the Polo Association handicap. To become the property of the club winning it three times on the Point Judith grounds. To be played for once each year. Individual prizes added. Open to teams whose aggregate handicap exceeds 20 goals. Won by Rockaway in 1895.

Saturday—Myopia First vs. Meadowbrook, of Long Island.

Monday—Point Judith vs. Queens County team, of Long Island.

Tuesday—Rockaway First, of Long Island vs. winners of the previous Saturday.

Rhode Island cups. Individual prizes, open to teams of four whose aggregate August handicap does not exceed 10 goals.

Wednesday—Devons, of Philadelphia, vs. winners of Monday's game. This is the best polo card that has been presented here.

Miss Lavonia Appell, the New York soprano, is summing here.

Miss Florence Toomey, daughter of W.

met, J. A. Churchill, F. R. Welsman and wife, Deane Miller, A. de Castro, Herbert J. Adams, Clinton J. Mills, George H. Churchill, T. J. Drummond and wife, C. Schoen and wife, E. Flode, Jr., J. E. Dickson, Adams Batcheller, J. B. Miller and wife, D. Wells and wife, Mrs. Harris, Edward L. Hanan, F. W. Sonal, Hoffman Miller, C. B. De Laverne, C. D. Allen, T. Ould, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Anthony, F. G. Merriam, Miss Warde, J. M. Douglas and wife, H. H. Hog and wife, F. S. Dibble and wife, Mrs. F. Marston, Mrs. E. M. Holdman, Irving Marks, Mrs. G. A. Bergmann, E. R. John and wife, George E. Bourne, John H. Clarence and wife, E. R. Dunston and wife, Miss M. L. Stanley, Edward Livingston, Mrs. E. Anthony, Mrs. C. Bennett and Miss Warde.

It is announced that the annual minstrel show, one of the great events of the season, will take place in the Casino theatre on Monday, August 17. It is given entirely by amateurs for the benefit of the building of a sea wall around the village, and this is the third season of these successful entertainments.

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